TONE 1798 MITCHEL 1846

Ulaid Ag Aiséirghe

Ní Siothcáin Gan Saoirse

CONNOLLY 1916 McCAUGHEY 1946

RESURGENT ULSTER

Vol. 2, No. 18 MAY, 1954 Price—THREEPENCE

Belfast Honours Martyred Dead

SPECIAL EASTER CEREMONIES

This year Belfast made a special effort to commemorate in a fitting, dignified manner all those who in every generation died for the unity and independence of Ireland. Early in the year a representative rommittee under the jointauspices of the National Graves Association and Easter Commemoration Committee, was formed and the success of their efforts can be guaged by the magnificent response from Republican Belfast.

On Easter Sunday morning Mass was offered up in twelve of Belfast's chapels for the repose of the sools of all those who gave their lives for Ireland. Organisations responsible for having these Masses said were—National Graves Association, Sinn Fein, Na Fianna Eireann, Chmann na mBan, Sean Mac Caughey Gaelic Branch, Clonard Commemoration Committee, the Dockers' Union, and the following G.A.A. Clubs—Sean Martins, Granuaile, Patrick Pearses, and Sean Gaffneys. There was a noticeable increase in the wearers of Easter Lilies, whilst between the hours of 12 noon and 6 pm. the National Flag was flown from a number of houses in each area—**Congratulations to those who had the courage to respond.**

Milltown Cemetery

The Commemoration Ceremony and Parade was the greatest ever seen in Belfast for Easter. Beechmount Avenue and the side-walks of Belfast were black with people as the Parade made its way in glorious sunshine to Milltown Cemetary—thousands lined the route throughout and a solitary Tricolour flying from the window of a house on the front of the Falls Road just past the Donegall Road, reminded us of that other Easter Day in 1916 when the Flag of the Republic fluttered from the roof of the G.P.O., Dublin—a symbol of Resurgent Republican Ireland and as an act of defiance and challenge to the British Invader. As the lines of marching men and women swung past the spectators in orderly, dignified manner, one could hear the murmers of praise and sympathy for the Cause which they represented.

Leaving Beechmount Avenue at 3.15 p.m., the Parade consisted of—The Colour Party carrying the Tricolour, Flags of the Citizen Army and Fianna Eireann, who were flanked by a Guard of Honour, all carrying hurley sticks, headed the Parade. The Commemoration Committee; The Wolfe Tone Pipe Band; Tom Williams and Sean Tracey Camogie Clubs in uniform; Pre-Truce IR.A., G.A.A. and Gaelic League; '98 Clubs; IR.A. and general public.

About 1,000 marched in the Parade as Stewards wearing Tricolour armlets maintained discipline and dignity along the route. Over five thousand people were present in the Cemetery when Seamus Steele, presiding, opened the Ceremony. A decade of the Rosary in Gaelic was offered up by Mr. F. McGlade for the souls of our martyred dead. A statement from the Army Council of the I.R.A. was read by Seamus Steele; Wreaths were then laid by Mrs. M. Drumm on behalf of the National Graves' Association; Mr. Sean Kearney on behalf of the Commemoration Committee; and the Misses P. McKee and T. Madden on behalf of the joint Camogie Clubs, Tom Williams and Sean Traceys.

Donchadha Ua Murchadha, Cork, then delivered the Oration, in which he stressed the continuity of the struggle from Wolfe Tone to Sean McCaughey; and reminded the Protestant population of their glorious tradition which was handed down by their forbears—the Unuited Irishmen—and pointed out to them that their place was side by side with those who were attempting to bring to a realisation those Ireals of their illustrious ancestors.

The Ceremony concluded with the Sounding of the Last Post by Mr. D. Campbell and the dipping of the Flags in Salute asthe huge crowd stood to attention in respectful silence.

A platform had been erected for the speakers and amplifiers enabled everyone to hear them. Everyone was delighted and pleased with the arrangements and general turn-out whilst the stewards merit a special word of thanks for carrying out a difficult job perfectly. Later in the evening a Commemoration Ceilidhe was held in the Ard Scoil under th eauspices of the National Graves' Association and a capacity crowd was present.

Republican Re-Union

On Easter Monday night upwards of five hundred people filled the Ard Scoil for a Re-Union Supper Ceilidhe of all Belfast Republicans who took part or assisted in anyway in the struggle from 1916. Again the response was magnificent, and Republican Belfast is still talking about that great night. Men and women met together that night who had not met for years. Veterans of 1916 and the Tan War were present, also men who had fought on opposite sides in that unfortunate period of 1922-23; men and women who had stepped into the breach in the years which followed right down to the present day. Men and women who had lanquished in the prisons and internment camps reminisced of those dreary days. From 9 o'clock p.m. till 2 a.m. they danced and sang or exchanged reminiscences in some corner, of the stirring wears gone past. Members of families who ha dgiven martyrs to the Cause were specially invited and many were present, whilst the others acknowledging the invitation, sent apologies for being unable to attend.

After supper had been served, Seamus Steele speaking in Gaelic and English, welcomed all to the function that night with a special welcome to the families present of our martyred dead and also Miss Bridie Dolan. He also outlined the reasons for the Re-Union and hoped that a more solid unified Republican front based on truth and principle would emerge from the night's gathering.

Seosamh Cahill was an afficient fear-a-toighe but great credit must be given to the young ladies who prepared the supper and the stewards who assisted them. They had worked under great difficulties in the way of procuring the necessary utensils, etc., but success crowned their efforts.

There was plenty to eat and it was served up smoothly and efficiently and everyone was pleased.

This Re-Union will certainly be remembered by those who attended in the years to come.

Unfortunately there were many people who were unavoidably overlooked when the invitations were being sent out. It was really impossible to remember all and we hoped that the newspaper advertisement would have made up for this defect. Let us assure all that with a couple of exceptions no one was **deliberately overlooked.**

On Easter Tuesday a Commemoration Concert was held in St. Mary's Hall, and a splendid programme of National Patriotic Music, Dancing and Recitations was enjoyed by a large crowd. Seosamh Cahill compered the show in his usual capable manner.

On Easter Tuesday a Monster Commemoration Ceilidhe was held in the Ulster Hall, and was well supported. Highlight of the Ceilidhe was a Dance Scena by the pupils of Miss Alice McAleer, entitled "The Battle of Ballynahinch"—Incidentally Miss McAleer's pupils gave exhibitions at all the functions—this Dance Scena was marvellously portrayed by the dancers and great credit is due to Miss McAleer, who prepared and trained them to give such an excellent exhibition.

Belfast can well be proud of these Easter Week functions. There was a resurgence of the old spirit which reminded us of the old days when Republican Ireland marched solidly behind the Army of the Republic and Sinn Fein. Let us hope that we are on the threshold of an era that will establish and maintain that same spirit and enthusiasm which brought us so near to victory in 1921—the spirit and enthusiasm which this generation must re-capture.

NA FIANNA EIREANN

EASTER DRAW

1st Prize—Winning Number 7470
C/o. Sean Martin G.A.C., Belfast.

2ndPrize—Winning Number 1807
K. Kilduff, P.O., Loughill.

3rd Prize—Winning Number 1520
Mr. Newell, Liam Mellows Terrace, Loughill.

4th Phize—Winning Number 3083
Berney Kelly, 10 Ramillies Road, Ballyfermot, Co. Dublin.

Winners notified by Post.

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

III

Easter manoeuvres had been carried out in various parts of the country in 1915 by the Irish Volunteers. In Dublin they had been conducted on a large scale; and the people there became more and more accustomed to Volunteers marching to and fro, and manoeuvring, in varying units, on the Dublin mountains.

About the autumn of 1915, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, John Redmond, spoke at a public meeting in Woodenbridge, Co. Wicklow, and urged that the best place for Irishmen to fight for freedom was abroad, in the ranks of the British Army. The National Volunteers, whom the Irish Party now controlled, apparently believed this deceiving falsehood, as large numbers of them joined the British Army. To increase their deception, the National Volunteer recruits were formed into an Irish Brigade.

Throughout the country, some of the Irish Party assisted high-ranking British officers in their recruiting campaign; and Irish Volunteers with their sympathisers often attended the recruiting meetings to ask pointed questions, which made a laughing stock of the speakers. These tactics reduced considerably the effectiveness of the meetings; in fact many of the meetings were hopeless failures.

On 4th March, 1916, Padraig Pearse gave his memorable lecture on Robert Emmett in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast. From their H.Q. in Willowbank, the Irish Volunteers marched to the meeting with shouldered rifles and fixed bayonets, in case of attack from very hostile Irish Party followers. On their return journey, Pearse marched in the ranks.

About this time plans were being discussed in Belfast for the manoeuvres on the following Easter. Shortly after Pearse's lecture James Connolly gave one at Willowbank. He told the Irish Volunteers that the Irish people had missed two opportunities to fight for Irish Freedom. The first was during the Boer War, which began in 1899; and the second was at the beginning of the first World War, which was then raging. A third opportunity was coming shortly, he predicted, and added with great determination, if the Irish people don't fight by — I will go out and fight by myself.

"In the event of a fight taking place, what," he was asked "would a small body like ours do in a hostile city." He promptly replied, "Get out of the city the best way you can."

About a fortnight from Easted 1916, I passed a remark to my old friend Tom Wilson, that I would like to be excused from Easter Manoeuvres as I wanted to go to Dublin on that date. Tom knew I was only a Section Leader, and he looked hard at me, and smilingly replied: "I am afraid you cannot go to Dublin, as our Easter Manoeuvres are to take place this time, **with full equipment**". A week or so from Easter our rifles were dispatched to Co. Tyrone.

Easter Saturday 1916 came; and that afternoon I belonged to the first detachment who entrained for Coalisland, Co. Tyrone; our overcoats covered our bandoliers, haversacks and billy cans. Two other detachments followed in later trains.

At Coalisland Station we encountered a hostile R.I.C. sergeant; but our number was too large for him to attempt to interfere with our movements. He warned us, however, that we were acting illegally, but we merely laughed at him. We paraded close to him, and marched off to our billets in Derrytresk. When we got there the Officer in Command placed me in charge; and went off, I think, to an officers' meeting in Dungannon.

The two Fianna Eireann Boy Scouts with us, made the best of our makeshift sleeping quarters, by providing a sufficient amount of straw to cover the concrete floor.

At bed time, Iposted an armed sentry, and instructed him in his duties. An hour later, I heard a shot; the cause of the shooting turned out to be a straying animal.

Early next morning the two Scouts worked hard to prepare a meal for all of us. Sometime after the meal I paraded my Company, which was increased by a number of locals. We spent nearly an hour on close order drill; near to me on the roadside was another Company, which Archie Heron was drilling.

We then received orders to march our Companies to the Catholic Church at Derrytresk. The Volunteers almost filled the entire Church; and I remember distinctly during the Service, that the singing in the Church choir was not exactly harmonious. This caused a certain amount of heavily suppressed amusement, judging by the quivering movements of the Billy Cans around me.

After Mass we were dismissed. So far as I can remember there was a fairly long rest interval at this stage, during which we ate some of our rations. Two of us sent stamped Post Cards to our homes, but they never arrived.

The order eventually was given to march immediately to Cookstown, twelve miles away. Our rifles had not been handed to us, and as I marched along, I felt my full bandolier getting heavier. After covering a few miles I was relieved when a Tyrone-man, who marched with me in the front of the column eagerly insisted on wearing my bandolier.

As a traine dathlete I felt the marching pace somewhat; and I was not surprised to find some of the older men, who tired quickly, being helped on to a side care which followed the Column.

On the approach to Cookstown I observed a number of R.I.C. cyclists coming and going, shortly after one of our men had fired a waring shot towards one of them. One of the R.I.C. cyclists kept close to this man.

The Column was marching along the Main Street in Cookstown, and when it was passing the Police Barracks the shadowed man was pulled out of the ranks b ya waiting R.I.C. man. We all halted suddenly at this daring insult; and for a few moments, we were uncertain what to do, while our comrade was bein brought into the Police Barrack. I remember gripping my automatic in my coat pocket.

The Commander's voice rang out for attention. In a few words he told us on no account to break our ranks; then ordered us to resume our march to Cookstown Station, which was not very many yards away.

Looking back over the years, I now see that the Commander's prompt action was not only personally, but historically, very wise.

LEARN, TEACH AND SING THE SONGS OF IRELAND

THE BELFAST BRIGADE

(Air—John Brown's Body)

When Craigavon sent the Specials out to shoot the people down
He thought the I.R.A. were dead in dear old Belfast town,
But he got a rude awakening with rifle and grenade
When he met the First Battalion of the Belfast Brigade.

CHORUS

Glory, glory to old Ireland
Glory, glory to the Sireland,
Glory to the memory of the men who fought and fell—
"No Surrenderr" is the war-cry of the Belfast Brigade.

Soldiers came from Holywood equipped with English guns
There were men by the thousands, ammunition by the ton.
But when they got to Belfast, they were seriously delayed
By the fighting First Battalion of the Belfast Brigade.

Chorus

We have no Lancia tenders or armoured cars to show,
But we're ready to defend ourselves no matter where we go—
We're out for a Republic and to hell with a Free State,
We're the fighting First Battalion of the Belfast Brigade.

Chorus

ANOTHER NEW POLITICAL PARTY

Still another new political party has emerged in the 26 Counties, initiated by some ex-internees with a view to contesting all elections in Ireland, ending all restrictions upon entry into both Stormont and Leinster House, etc.

Will someone tell us the difference now between Fianna Fail, Clann na Poblachta, Irish Labour Fianna Uladh, Anti-Partitionist, and so on?

So Why another party of the same type? Why did not these ex-internees join one or other of these parties?

JOIN THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT NOW!

You have a duty to our martyred dead who died that you might live in, and enjoy an Ireland **FREE POLITICALLY, ECONOMICALLY and CULTURALLY.** To continue the struggle where they were forced to leave off.

March with Resurgent Republican Ireland today.

A place can be found for you in the Republican movement, irrespective of your **Creed, Sex, Class or Physical Condition** providing you are of good character.

Interview any of the following—

Mr. F. McGlade, 126 Ardilea St., Belfast.
Mr. J. Cahill, 60 Divis St., Belfast
Mr. J. McGurk, 37 Institution Place, Belfast.
Mr. P. Doyle, 45 Whiterock Gdns., Belfast.
Mr. S. Steele, c/o. 5 Ballymurphy Road, Belfast.

THE KERRYMAN

In our special April issue we produced a photograph of Charlie Monaghan, the first Ulster martyr of 1916. We would like to record our thanks to the Editor of the "Kerryman" for the kindness and courtesy in loaning us the block to reproduce same.

Our Exiles' Column

Easter Activities in London

Members of the Wolfe Tone Cumann, Sinn Fein, were pretty busy over the holidays to ensure that every Irishman and woman in London would be able to wear an Easter Lily. Churches, Dance Halls, the big match at Mitchum Stadium and the Anti-Partition Rally on Easter Sunday, at Trafalgar Square were all covered by a small but enhusiastic band of workers. It is a pleasure to be able to record that when the police attempted to stop the Lily-sellers, a prominent member of the League came to the rescue by stating, when confronted by the police, that the sellers had his permission.

Easter Commemoration

Due to a variety of unforeseen circumstances the Easter Commemoration planned for Kilburn had to be abandoned. The Speaker took ill at the last moment, and the platform and Flag were not available.

The Best Hurler

Talk is cheap and in that sense so is print. Of late it seems to be the thing for "Irish" papers published in Lonodn and elsewhere, and claiming to be Republican, to offer distructive criticism of the official Republican movement without any knowledge of present difficulties, especially in London. There is no evidence that they, themselves are doing anything constructive towards the goal of a strong, organised movement to re-establish the Republic.

Sinn Fein in London have substantially increased their membership and the sales of Republican papers and Easter Lilies over the past years. Their Ceilidhthe were run for a period last year and then handed over to the Republican Aid Committee in a vain attempt to help them The absence of the critics at these functions was very notable.

We know that the Republican movement is **not** what what we would like it to be—neither is this life, but we don't leave it on that account. We strive to better it. We know that the views of our elected leaders ar not always **our views**. We know that thousands of things that look easily done are **not** being done. The answer to these and allied problems **cannot** be solved by desertion—sticking one's head in the sand, or by creating new movements. They are the ways of **disunity, blindness** and **confusion**.

Return to the old allegiance, spread the light and prevent confusion. Remember the best Hurler is always in the fray striving for victory for his side.

Our National Anthem

Once again I must report the fact that our National Anthem was played whilst on the march. This time at the Anti-Partition Rally in Trafalgar Square, London.

(Othe items held over until next issue).

To Our Readers

Articles, Pars., Poems welcomed by the Editor.

Throughout Ireland there are still unwritten records of the bravery, courage and martyrdom of our soldiers in the struggle for freedom.

They must not be forgotten—send us the details.

Copies of "Resurgent Ulster" sent post free for one year 5s. (five shillings). U.S.A. 1 dollar.

Enquiries to The Secretary,

c/o 37 Institution Place, Belfast.

Africa for Africans

By MAU-MAU

The article in the March issue of "Resurgent Ulster" on British terrorism in East Africa, is so timely that one can only regret that other Irish-owned periodicals have not the courage to reprint it. Apparently the British-owned "People" sees no difficulty about telling the plain facts of the case. Britain is engaged in another of her savage campaigns of aggression against another "small nation" of which the main difference with our own is that its people have dark skins and are, in the main, pagans. Of course everyone except the feebleminded understands that if the Kikuyu were as well armed as the Chinese or even the West Germans, Britain would discover that attacking was not a paying game. Since, however, they are armed only with knives, spears and a few captured machine-guns, the "hero-breed" is not afraid to bully them, using high-powered bombers, tanks and perhaps atomic weapons. There are pretty surely an imposing array of V.C.'s and D.S.O.'s awaiting people like this Bostock "hero" and his counterpart "Captain" (now Convict) Griffith, when the insurrection in Kenya is quenched in blood. It would seem that the scoundrels responsible for this war of aggression feel no shame before world opinion—shame has never been associated with Englishmen at any period of their disreputable history. They whined like dingoes, when Germans, Japanese and Malayans gave them a taste of rough treatment in prisoner-of-war camps, or bombed their cities to atoms in fair fight. Of course British lives are supposed to be more valuable to humanity than those of mere "natives". There is just one sentence of this Bostock person's effusion in "The People" that we trust will not be forgotten by Irishmen, Russians or Americans, when God's good time comes for meting out justice to murderers and robbers. We quote it for the benefit of a certain sentimental Scottish nationalist in Cambridge: "Savages have to be dealt with savagely".

A certain amount of publicity has been given in publications from which we should expect greater signs of intelligence or perhaps just plain honesty. It refers to a so-called "re-education camp" for captured Mau-Mau soldiers. Under this euphemism is to be understood a concentration camp where Heaven only knows what brutalities are inflicted on men and women whose crime is to have resisted robbery and government-sponsored famine in their own land. According to the already referred to publication, a chaplain has been specially appointed to this camp, and his work is to convince these naughty Mau-Mau prisoners how essentially wicked they have been in not accepting the blessings of british exploitation. This chaplain—one wonders just which religious body he is supposed to represent—is charged with "educating" these "mere natives" in their duty of licking the boots that kick them, kissing the hands that starve and murder their kinsfolk, admiring the heroism of the air pilots who flylow over their poor villages machine-gunning women and babies in arms. This gentleman whoever he may be has certainly got a difficult assignment, and we permit ourselves to doubt he will make many conversions to Christianity —the British brand we mean. May we suggest that another similar camp be organised with another chaplain in charge to preach common decency and natural honesty to the British bullies responsible for the torture of old men, the raping of "non-cooperative" women, the shooting of unarmed prisoners and other pastimes peculiar to the Englishman's keen sense of humour. Before talking about peraching the religion of Jesus Christ with its (to the British) inconvenient insistence on the Ten Commandments, this suggested chaplain, duly attired in the uniform of Elizabeth, second of the name, could start with more fundamental ethics.

In conclusion may it be permitted to quote certain lines penned half-a-century ago but singularly appropriate in answer to those feeble-minded people who believe in "leopards changing their spots", Englishmen becoming civilised and similar interesting phenomena. Translated from the original Cockney patois here are the lines:

"I guess that God-damned black
Will respect the Union Jack
For the future, boys, where'er it may be seen.
And we'll put a lump of lead
Through his dirty nigger head
If he doesn't learn to sing "God Save teh Queen."

GRANUAILE G.A.C.
are holding a

Monster Ceilidhe

in the Ulster Hall, on 13th May, 1954
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OUR SPECIAL EASTER ISSUE

Many thanks to those readers who sent us along congratulations on our Special Issue—they were too numerous to answer personally or individually. It is heartening to know that so many people were so pleased with our effort. We would like it to be even better and to continue with a six-page issue monthly but this latter depends on an increase in our sales—you can help by finding new readers.

MANNING THE BEARNA BAOGHAIL FOR IRELAND

Wakefield Prison, England
Cathal Goulding, Dublin. 8 years.

Wormwood Scrubbs, England
Sean Stephenson, England
Manus Canning, Derry. 8 years.

Liverpool Prison, England
J. P. McCallum, Belfast 6 years

Belfast Prison
Joe Campbell, Newry. 5 years
Leo McCormick, Dublin. 4 years.

The three year old child of one of these soldiers who is in jail for Ireland, knelt down to pray one night and wtihout any prompting, this was the prayer she uttered :—

"Please, God, send my Daddy back to me walking."

It brought tears to those who heard her.

And you Republicans! Will the simple prayer of a child not urge you to give greater service and enthusiasm to the Cause for which they lanquish in Jail.

The Republican Prisoners' Aid Society, to begin with, needs your help.

CENSORSHIP

WE WOULD WISH TO REMIND OUR READERS THAT ALL CORRESPONDENCE COMING TO THIS OFFICE IS **CENSORED**

Republican Prisoners Protest in Belfast Jail

In the March issue of "Resurgent Ulster we described the protest made in Belfast Jail for political treatment whereby twenty Republican prisoners refused to wear prison garb and remained **completely naked** in their cells in solitary confinement for three months. Their beds and blankets were also taken out of their cells each morning at 7.30 a.m. and noot returned until 8 p.m., and let us emphasise it again, the men remained in their cell all day without any article of clothing of any kind on them. In this concluding article we describe—

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A STRIKER

The prison bell goes at 7 o'clock. You awaken with a start. No nice slow leisurely wakening here but before the last clang you are wide awake. The cold bare walls stare back at you and you realise that you have another long day to spend naked. You ponder how long it is until you will see that bed again—13 hours—780 minutes—46,800 seconds and you have to live thru' every second. But you have a half hour yet for the warders do not come until 7.30. How you treasure that last half hour. The old lumpy fibre mattress, the army blankets, and the hard worsted sheets fell like down. For soon you hear the clang of the keys and the rush of feet. The warders have arrived. They are laughing and joking and full of the ordinary joys of life. You wonder if the fight is really worth while. But this passes very quickly and you get the courage to at least last another day. The slops are removed and the door is banged in your face again. You still have another minute or two and you get back into bed again. When the bed is removed you stand naked in your cold bare cell. Remember it is now 7.30 in the morning and you will not see this bed again until 8.30 at night. You wolk up and down the cell, eight paces up, one at the turn, and eight paces back again. After a while this gets monotonous and you walk around the cell. Next you go to the door and listen. Perhaps something is going to happen today. Maybe we will get our rights and the strike will finish. But enough of that for it does not pay to build false hopes. At eight o'clock the breakfast arrives. This consists of one pint of tea, eight ounces of bread, and half an ounce of margarine. Your table, and chair have been removed so you take your treasure to the old bedstead. You try to eat it slowly as you know it will do you more good and it will last longer, but the hunger is so great that you eat it wery quickly. Any stray crumbs are quickly retrieved. You drink the tea and all is finished and you are nearly as hungry as ever. It will be four and a half hours before you get any more.

Now the day has really begun. You hear the prisoners going out to work. How you envy them their warm clothes. They are happy people. Nevertheless the fight must go on. The day must be spent. You begin the parade again. Eight paces up,one at the turn, and eight paces back again. In after life this has become really part of you. You begin this parade and people wonder what is the matter with you. Perhaps you make a football out of an old pair of socks and try to get the blood to circulate. You think on how cold it is even though it is the month of June. What will it be like in January? You put this out of your head at once. The sun is shining outside but this does not reach your cell. What is that? A knock on the wall and then a knock on the pipes. It is the signal that your next door neighbour wants to speak to you. You listen at the door and all is quiet. You get your enamel mug and use it as a kind of telephone on the pipes. Perhaps there is some news. But no! Your pal is finding it hard also and you try to encourage him. Stick it a little longer and there is no knowing what will happen. Suddenly the spy-hole is opened and an unfriendly eye looks in and gives a sharp order to get off the pipes. Even this small luxury is denied us. Well, on it must go. You begin the parade again or perhaps read a few pages of the Bible. You read but you do not take anything in. There is such a vast difference between what you read and the position you are in. Perhaps if you read the part on Job you get a little comfort. He has done his suffering for God, you are suffering for a principle. It helps a lot if you offer it to God too. You next try a C.T.S. pamphlet that you have read perhaps a half dozen times. At 11 o'clock the door is left open for a half hour to let out the stench. You try to get a few more C.T.S. books but the supply is very limited. Next you have the parade of the Governor and his minions who look at you to see if you are still alive. He asks you if you are all right. How could you be all right? Nevertheless you say yes. What is the use of pointing out the oxvious? He has eyes to see what you are going through. The doors are banged shut again and you wait on the raiders. It is usual for them to search your cell at this time each day. What do they expect to get in your empty tomb? Perhaps a small butt of a cigarette that you managed to get. At any rate everything is gone through, even at times your hair and beard. You will have a beard by this time for you are not allowed a razor. Perhaps if they did the death of Tone could be re-enacted. You cannot see this beard for your mirror has also been removed. At any rate the search is soon over for there is not much to search.

After this the dinner arrives and you are just ravenous. This consists of one pint of soup, two ounces meat, one ounce vegetables and about three small potatoes. If one potato is bad it is a calamity. There is no use asking for another one for you will in all probability get another bad one and draw down the enmity of a warder on your defencless shoulders. Well, you eat everything—potatoes, skins—every scrap, no matter how unpalatable it is it fills an empty space. It is now only twelve o'clock and you think it is only four and a half hours from the morning, that is another eight and a half hours to go until you get into that bed again. You lie on the cold bedstead and try to rest for you have been on the constant move since the morning trying to keep warmth in your body. You are so cold that you begin the whole parade again. Perhaps you have a visit from the prison chaplain. You are delighted to see him and at the same time feel embarrassed and ashamed. You do not like to detain him too long as he has to visit all the other fighters and perhaps some of the other prisoners as well. He has a very difficult job. You can see the light of sympathy in his eyes and at the same time he gives you to understand that he thinks you are striking your head against a stone wall. Perhaps you are too. You are in the grip of a mighty machine. What is the use? Others fought against it for years. Some went to an early grave, while others went mad. What was to be your fate? Nevertheless you must not let your comrades down. We are all in this to the end.

At two o'clock the noise starts again. The other prisoners go out to work and you have simply nothing to do. In these circumstances a man realises how incomplete he is on his own and how such a social creature he really is. How content you would be doing anything? Even the hateful monotonous task of sewing mail bags that you were doing before the strike began. Perhaps you climb on the back of your bed and look out of your window. There is very little to be seen. Perhaps some hapless creatures marching around a ring in the courtyard awaiting trial. Perhaps some of your own comrades who will get the same kind of a trial that you got and a savage sentence. If you are caught it will almost certainly mean a report followed by a sentence of "bread and water". They cannot confine you any closer but your diet will be reduced to a total of eight ounces of bread and one pound of potatoes per day. These morsels make you feel more hungry than if you get nothing at all.

At four o'clock the prisoners return from the shops and the tea arrives which consists of the same as the morning with one pint of porridge and half a pint of milk. This has to keep you going till eight o'clock the next morning. You could eat it at once and still be hungry but you must keep a little for later on in the evening. Even though there is still four hours left you have the day's back broken. You have done nine hours and every hour you do leaves one more down and one less to do. If you get a chance now you try to get something from the prisoner next to you. This is done by using a string, which you had concealed, and a weight. Perhaps you have a few booklets to exchange that will while away the monotony of the evening. If you are caught it will mean punishment but it is worth the risk. Look at the satisfaction you get if you succeed. Even if it is only a small thing you have a feeling that you have beaten them. Perhaps the prisoner below you who is in sympathy with your ideals sends you some of his food on the line. His own food is little enough and if he is caught it will mean punishment for him but he knows you are fighting his fight too. The time is passing but will 8.30 never come? At long last you hear the rattle of the keys. How welcome is that sound now. They start at the top. Will they never reach your length? The door opens and you get your bed,. You are under the clothes in a few minutes. You are asleep in a few more. It does seem a pity to go to sleep as you don't find the time until that awful bell goes again.